



THE ROSE OF ALABAMA.

Away from Mississippi's vale,
With my old hat there for a sail,
I crossed upon a cotton-bale
To Rose of Alabama.

Chorus.—Oh ! Brown Rosey, Rose of Alabama.
A sweet tobaccoe possey is the Rose of
Alabama.

I landed on a sandy bank,
I sat upon a hollow plank
And there I made the banjo twank,
For Rose of Alabama.

Chorus.—Oh ! Brown Rosey, &c.

Oh ! after d'reely, bye-and-bye,
The moon rose white as Rosey's eye ;
Then like a young coon out so sly,
Stole Rose of Alabama.

Chorus.—Oh ! Brown Rosey, &c.

The river rolled, the crickets sing,
The lightning-bug he flashed his wing,
Then like a rope my arms I fling
Round Rose of Alabama.

Chorus.—Oh ! Brown Rosey, &c.

I hug so long I cannot tell,
For Rosey seemed to like it well ;
My banjo in the river fell,
Oh ! Rose of Alabama.

Chorus.—Oh ! Brown Rosey, &c.

Like an alligator after prey,
I jump'd in, but it float away,
But all the time it seem'd to say :
Oh ! Rose of Alabama.

Chorus.—Oh ! Brown Rosey, &c.

And every night, in moon or shower,
To hunt that banjo for an hour,
I meet my sweet tobaccoe flower,
My Rose of Alabama.

Chorus.—Oh ! Brown Rosey, &c.

H. DE MARSAN.

DEALER IN SONGS, TOY BOOKS &c.

N^o 38 CHATHAM, N.Y.